

INT. DOMINICA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT - AS BEFORE

Arabella and Dominica enter. The WIND outside continues to howl.

[Music: See Me Now]

As Dominica opens the WARDROBE, a full-length MIRROR inside the door suddenly has Arabella staring at her REFLECTION. She draws toward the image in disbelief; her dress torn, her hair disheveled, her complexion ashen.

ARABELLA

*See me now, a shadow of what was to be
See this bride whose veil shall not be raised
See me now, a dream blown by some unknown wind
(to Dominica)
Why have the bride and bridegroom never been?*

Arabella removes a DAGUERREOTYPE OF CASEY from her bosom. Kissing it, she affectionately cups it in her hands then slowly passes her fingers over it. Dominica brings her a NIGHTGOWN from the wardrobe.

DOMINICA

Here, child. Change into this.

As Arabella steps behind the CHANGING SCREEN and Dominica turns down the beds, the WIND outside increases markedly, eventually BLOWING OPEN a WINDOW and sending a large PARCHMENT SCROLL from atop the wardrobe onto the floor. Dominica rushes to close the window.

DOMINICA (CONT'D)

Such a wind I've not heard since a child!

Turning back toward the room, she notices the SCROLL on the floor, reverently picks it up, kisses it, and, giving a thoughtful glance toward Arabella, places it on the TABLE between the beds.

DOMINICA (CONT'D)

So - why did you come to California?
Not for Gold!

Arabella is ashamed to answer. Emerging from behind the screen in the nightgown, she continues her song, a series of FLASHBACKS from her troubled life:

ARABELLA

*When I was young
A time when bein' young hurt deep inside*

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A PENNSYLVANIA FARMHOUSE - DAY

Arabella, a young teen, is running away from home unseen by her parents who are fighting on the porch. Once out of sight, she starts running.

ARABELLA (O.S.)
 I left my parents at the plow
 And ran away as fast I could
 To where I thought were better times
 To where I would be understood.

EXT. WAGON TRAIN DEPARTURE SITE INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI - DAY

A BUGLE CALL signals the departure, en masse, of hundreds of wagons. Arabella rides on a wagon with a number of women of dubious character.

ARABELLA (V.O.)
*But everywhere I was deceived,
 No matter where or how I tried.*

A MONTAGE:

The brutal trip west; burying someone along the trail, the scorching sun, the ever-present Indians and endless horizon. A young MAN eyes her. She smiles, but soon realizes he is interested in another woman. Her head lowers in disappointment. In each shot, her loneliness and isolation is apparent.

ARABELLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Oh, if there's love, then where is he?
 What place, what room should I now be
 Waiting, hoping?*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A CHURCH SOCIAL HALL - DAY

Arabella is approached by a man who rudely forces her to dance. She tries to break away but he becomes abusive.

ARABELLA (V.O.)
*So here I came in winter's cold
 And sold my heart till one proclaimed it...*

Suddenly, as from nowhere, James Casey has pulled her from the abusive man whom he has slugged across the jaw.

CUT BACK TO:

DOMINICA'S CHAMBERS - AS BEFORE

Arabella has dropped the daguerreotype from her hands which floats down to the floor in SLOW MOTION, like a feather. Transfixed, she affectionately cups it in her hands.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

*"Come in," he said, "come in and see
All love has to offer you."
And bein' me, I said I would
And placed in him all trust, goodwill,
(suddenly panicked;
to Dominica)
Things now he won't fulfill!*

The music broadens.

ANGLE - FROM HIGH ABOVE - Slowly rotating down on her as she again walks toward the mirror.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

*So see, see me now!
Oh, what lies!
See these tears I think shall never dry
See me now, no hope, no dream, no heart to give
Love, like spirit, unknown passed me by.*

DOMINICA

Come child, you're just exhausted.

ARABELLA

*No, I'm too late
Too late to ever 'gain try.
Too old for starting over
And too young to die.
Why?*

As the music climaxes then calms, Dominica guides Arabella toward the bed. She speaks in an almost matter-of-fact voice.

DOMINICA

It's not too late. It's just too late to be awake! Sleep now!

Arabella climbs into her bed and Dominica pulls up the covers and "tucks" her in, a gesture that makes Arabella uneasy yet comforted. As Dominica goes to her own bed, Arabella's attention falls on the SCROLL on the table between them.

ARABELLA

What is this?

DOMINICA

It is a poem by our father, Saint
Francis. Tomorrow. Tomorrow I will
teach it to you, it's rhyme and song.

ARABELLA

What is it about?

Dominica sighs. She is exhausted.

DOMINICA

It is about love, a love of many
things. Tomorrow. Sleep now.

Dominica leans over to lower the LANTERN but catches herself
and sits back up. Making the sign of the cross, she bows
her head and folds her hands. Arabella observes in silence
but is noticeably struck by Dominica's sincerity.

DOMINICA (CONT'D)

(Spanish with English
subtitles; to music)

*And Sister Sleep, we give you thanks
Who takes our hearts to distant heights
Whose restful peace farewells our day
And ushers in the morning's light.*

She starts to doze but suddenly reawakens and realizes
Arabella may have been watching! She glances over. She
was! But Arabella is still mesmerized and the two tacitly
acknowledge one another, to which Dominica makes the sign of
the cross, puts out the lantern and falls back onto her
pillow, exhausted.

FADE TO BLACK AND HOLD

DOMINICA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Amen.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL WOOL'S OFFICE, BENEZIA - DAY